

# The Man Behind The Plow

L. A. WILCOX. Humboldt, Iowa.

I'm not so much at writing as those high falutin chaps. For my hand is likely clumsy and awkward, too, perhaps; I've been driving a team that travels rather slow. That's kept me busy, with "get up," "haw," "gee," "whoa!" But if you will listen to what I am going to say, About a great mistake they make, and do it every day. In doling out their praises, and I want to tell them now, Too often they forget the man who walks behind the plow. Talk about learned men, their wit and wisdom rare; Their poets and their painters, who get praises everywhere They're well enough to make a show, but will they tell how The world could ever do without the man behind the plow? 'Tis nice to go to school, to learn to read and write, 'Tis nicer yet to dress up fine, and sport around at night. Their music, art and poetry may all be hard to beat, But tell me what they're going to do for something good to eat?

They say my boots are muddy, my clothing is too coarse, I make a good companion for the oxen or the horse; My face is red, my hand is hard; too true, I will allow, But don't be too quick to spurn the man behind the plow. I like their great inventions; am glad they're getting smart; I like to hear their music, for it kind o'stirs my hart; But 'twill never touch the stomach of a hungry, tired man, And so I call attention to the things that can, Don't be in a hurry, boys, to leave the good old farm; Father is getting feeble now, he'll need a youthful arm, If honest is your purpose at your feet the world must bow, For the greatest of all great men is the man behind the plow

## Miss Jardines Jelly.

"Just for a short sketching trip, Mrs. Muncie," Gilbert Keith explained, as he looked into the snug sitting room where his landlady sat, deep in the local paper.

"Where shall I forward your mail, sir?"

She did not express surprise at his sudden announcement. He had boarded with her six years. She was accustomed to his abrupt and hasty departures.

"I'm not sure yet. I'll send you a postal. Be back in a couple of weeks. Awfully hot, isn't it? Good day, Mrs. Muncie."

And the youthful face, silvery head, and square shoulders vanished from the doorway. But a minute or two later the door was opened.

"By the way, I've packed up a box of magazines which have been accumulating unread. I may get a chance at them now. I wish you would have the box set in the cellar, and I'll tell Jerry to call for it, and ship it to me."

"Very well, sir."

And then Mr. Keith was out of the house and walking down the elm-bordered street, looking erect and young despite his forty-five years and his prematurely silvered hair.

The faded spectacled eyes of Mrs. Muncie glanced after him with an air of motherly proprietorship.

"Six years he's been here, bless him and a more considerate and kind gentleman the good Lord never made. A letter for me, Mr. Vicks?"

Mr. Vicks, the mail carrier, had paused at her gate and was turning in.

"Yes. Hot day. See Mr. Keith is off. Good afternoon, ma'am."

Mrs. Muncie turned her letter over, stared at the superscription, opened the envelope, and read:

"My Dear Old Friend: I'm coming down to you for a couple of weeks. I have not written to you since I came up to this city seven years ago to earn my

own living with my wonderful 'accomplishments.' But I've found there is no lack of teachers of languages, that my voice is not so divine as my friends assured me, and so I settled down long ago to the commonplace but remunerative employment of putting up fine jellies. I have succeeded. I am doing well. But I want a rest. So write me a line saying if I would intrude, or if any reason exists why I should not impose upon you for a while. Affectionately yours,

Margaret Jardine."

A knock came to the door. "Come in!" cried Mrs. Muncie. "O, it's you, Mrs. Wray! And here you've caught me just a-cryin' for sheer joy."

The letter in her hands trembled. "Here Miss Margaret—my dear Miss Margaret you've heard me tell about so often, an' who I didn't know was dead or alive—writes that she is coming to stay a spell with me. You know I was housekeeper for her folks years an' years when they were the great people of this part of the country, an' lived in that splendid palace on the hill, that looks so forlorn an' neglected now. Her father failed in business, and the fact killed him. His wife didn't stay long after him. An' there was my dear Miss Margaret—only a slip of a girl of eighteen, flung out on the world to earn her own living. I begged her to stay with me—but she couldn't be dependent. But now—well, there! you may read for yourself."

And she handed her sympathetic neighbor the letter.

Two days later Mrs. Muncie, pottering away over some crab-apple marmalade, glanced up at an elegant intruder who had come unbidden into her kitchen a stately, graceful, fashionably attired woman with a delicate, patrician face, deep blue eyes, and a beautiful face.

"Bless my soul!" cried Mrs. Muncie, "if it isn't my dear Margaret!" And then the faithful old soul had Miss Jardine in her arms and was laughing and crying over her at once.

"And so you are putting up preserves," said Margaret, half an hour later, as she sat sipping

her tea. "I'm going to help you. I'm an expert now, you know," laughing, "a professional."

And this, despite Mrs. Muncie's half-shocked protestations she insisted on doing. But when she looked at the jellies Margaret made her admiration was unbounded. "Such lovely colors!" she exclaimed, beaming at the filled glasses. "Such rose and crimson and amber, and all so crystal clear! How did you ever learn to make 'em like that? You won't be offended, will you, my dear, if I send a box of them to my sister that lives in Jeup cossunty? She's an invalid, an' they would be such a treat to her."

"I shall feel flattered if you do so," Margaret assured her.

So the box was packed and put in the cellar and Mrs. Muncie went down town to engage the drayman to come and get it. But during her absence fate, in the person of Jerry, the porter, of the firm of Keith & Co., interposed.

Jerry had been sent to get a box out of Mrs. Muncie's cellar. Margaret, supposing him to be the expressman sent by her hostess, went down the cellar with him and pointed out the box containing the jelly.

"There is no address on it," she said. "Do you know where it is to go?"

"Yes, miss. That's all right. I've got the card for it in my pocket."

When Mrs. Muncie appeared with a man and wagon, Margaret explained that the box had been called for.

"I declare, that provoking Tom Grimes must have changed his mind," said Mrs. Muncie. "When I spoke to him he told me he had an all day job, and couldn't come. I must pay him the first time I see him. I shan't need you now, Peter Green."

And she supposed, of course, Margaret had seen to the address.

To Gilbert Keith, camping out with some kindred spirits in the heart of superb scenery, was duly delivered the box, containing Miss Jardine's jelly.

"Great Scotland!" he exclaimed, "how were ever magazines turned into jelly—and such jelly! But—seeing how under-flavored the meat and over flavored the butter to be had here, I'm rather glad of the transformation. And I'll take the goods the gods provide—no question asked."

Which declaration was enthusiastically seconded by his companions.

Just a week later it dawned upon him that there was a good deal of loneliness and monotony up in the mountains, and that it was beginning to feel a bit chilly at night under a canvas tent. So as suddenly as he had come he packed up his traps and took his departure. He let himself in with his latch key one purple and starlit evening.

"Your bad experience is back again Mrs. Muncie," he cried, entering the parlor.

But it was not stout Mrs. Muncie who rose from the rocker, but a fair and stately young lady, gowned in pale blue mull, with a bunch of verbenas tucked in her wide sash.

"I am Mrs. Muncie's guest," she said, with a smile. "My name is Margaret Jardine. You are Mr. Keith I am sure."

"Jardine! The name is a familiar and honored one here. You had left Melton a short

time before our firm located here. I am happy to meet you."

And when Mrs. Muncie came in she found them chatting like old friends.

"And why, Mr. Keith," she demanded, when he stood up to say good night, "did you not send for that box of magazines. It's down cellar yet."

He laughed out like a boy.

"I send Mrs. Muncie. And I got a box of jelly—the most delicious jelly. What good fairy converted literature into jelly?"

Mrs. Muncie threw up her fat hands.

"And that," she said "is the reason I ain't heard a word from Sister Susan!" And then there were explanations all around, and a good deal of laughter. Three days later Miss Jardine went back to the city. And it was not long until Mr. Keith decided he had business there which required his personal attention. Of course, he called on Miss Jardine. He found her calm, capable, trim of attire, busily directing a score of employees in the large establishment where she worked.

"Excuse me if I appear rude," she said, "but we are not permitted to talk long to visitors—unless on business."

He went back to Melton that night with a smile on his lips and a song in his heart.

And when, in November, they drove together up the Main street of the town she drew a queer, quick breath.

"There are lights in my old home," she said. "Is it occupied at last?"

"It will be soon, dearest."

The driver turned in at the high iron gates and drove up the avenue.

"What does this mean?" Margaret murmured.

"That I have bought Rosemount, dear—and that your old home is your new one. Ah, here is Mrs. Muncie to welcome you."

The door had been flung open. A billow of light streamed out. It revealed the lovely, amazed face of the bride.

"O," cried Mrs. Muncie, running down the steps. "I'm so happy—though I've lost my lodger! And to think—just to think, Miss Margaret—that he should have eaten all your fine jelly!"

"He'll eat more before he dies," laughed Gilbert Keith. "Welcome home, darling."—Chicago Tribune.

Gossip may be friendly and neighborly. I like the word because it conveys a suggestion of good news or good comment but it is no longer gossip when it ceases to deal with pleasant happiness and loving wishes, and becomes critical or censorious or lapses into slander. The most unworthy talk in the world is that which is carried on in whispers and semi-confidences, and which retails the unfortunate errors of people whom we know. Never to say an unkind thing, never to imply an unfriendly thing even by our silence are rules which we should make and to which we should scrupulously adhere.—Margaret E. Sangster, in Ladies Home Journal.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch has gotten out a dandy map. It had Monroe County south of St. Louis and Randolph south-east of Monroe County.

**W. W. LONGMIRE,**  
Real Estate Lawyer  
Abstracter, Conveyancer,  
Land Title Examiner.

Money to Loan at lowest rates on best terms. On Choice Farm Loans rates are 5 per cent interest, with small commission, 6 per cent with no commission. First class loans closed on short notice.  
CHAS. O. MAYES, Clerk,  
Insurance Agent and Notary Public.

**R. S. McClintic,**  
**LAWYER.**  
Will practice in all courts.  
Office over Monroe City Bank.

**FARMERS and MERCHANTS**  
**BANK,**  
MONROE CITY, MO..  
Do a general banking business, buy and sell Exchange, Accounts of Farmers and Merchants and others solicited. Absolute security guaranteed to depositors.  
**S. NORTH, President,**  
**W. R. P. JACKSON Cashier**

**DR. W. T. RUTLEDGE,**  
**DENTIST**  
MONROE CITY, MO.  
The saving of teeth a specialty. Office in Redman Block, over Variety Store.  
Telephone, No 56.

**ALEXIS D. BELL,**  
..LAWYER AND NOTARY PUBLIC..  
COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY MADE.  
Commercial, Criminal and Probate Law, a Specialty.  
Will practice in all the courts of the State. Office over Farmers and Merchants Bank.  
**MONROE CITY MO.**

**Dr. W. B. A. McNUTT**  
Pays special attention to diseases of women and children.  
Office with Dr. Norton on Sumner St.  
Telephone Residence No. 29. Telephone at Wood's Drug Store No. 59  
Residence 3 Blocks west of F. & M. Bank.

**GEO. L. TURNER,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Monroe City, - - - Missouri.  
Makes a specialty of Female Diseases, Diseases of Rectum and Private Diseases.

**DR ARCH E ELY.**  
**DENTIST.**  
Saving Natural Teeth a Specialty.  
Office in Ely's Private Hospital.  
**Monroe City, Missouri.**

**F. S. TURNER, M. D.**  
Physician, Surgeon, Accoucher  
Makes a Specialty of Catarrh Ear and Lung Troubles.  
Office over Post office. Residence 2nd street, one door east of B. O. Wood's Residence.

**OSTEOPATHY.**  
**MONROE CITY.**  
**Agnes McNeil, D. O.**

Graduate of American School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Mo. Diseases both acute and chronic are treated. Consultation free.  
Office Main St Broctor Building.

**E. E. WEBB,**  
**AUCTIONEER.**  
Money is made in selling goods at good prices and it takes a first class auctioneer to do that. Give me the work and it is done as the people of the state of Illinois will know. I have sold many thousands of dollars worth of goods across the river. Enquire at the DEMOCRAT office.  
12-27

**OLIVER**  
**Sign Writer**  
at Pierceall & Drescher's Brick Shop. Carriage painting a specialty.

**A TEXAS WONDER.**  
Hall's Great Discovery  
One small bottle of Hall's Great Discovery cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, seminal emissions, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women, regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment, and will cure any case above mentioned. Dr. E. W. Hall, sole manufacturer P. O. Box 629 St. Louis Mo. Send for testimonials Sold by B. O. Wood.  
**Read This.**  
Huntsville Mo., Aug. 1, 1900.—This is to certify that I have been cured of kidney and bladder trouble with one bottle of The Texas Wonder Hall's Great Discovery and can recommend it to others suffering in the same manner.  
**J. HORACE MILLER,**  
County Treasurer.